

# EL PASO HERALD

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## Our Paltry 800,000 Gain

NO substantial error has been made in the census enumeration of Texas, and the director is right in refusing a recount for the reason that a recount would seriously delay the announcement of the final results and also delay congressional reapportionment; also that a recount would be subject to the same minor errors and reach practically the same results. The state total is nevertheless disappointing to a marked degree.

It is another case of over confidence and big noise. Texas has been deceiving herself, and the awakening is bitter. Of course the actual growth of the state has been tremendous, over 800,000, but even this has been exceeded by at least four other states; while the percentage of growth in Texas has been exceeded by no less than 11 of the states—a hard fact for us to swallow, but it ought to make us stop and think.

The truth is, Texas has for the ten years been cursed with state governments and legislatures bent on stirring up continual disorder in industrial and business conditions, grossly neglectful of the state's material resources, antagonistic to developmental enterprises, and unfavorable to any measures looking toward promoting the activities of capital or encouraging immigration. Efforts of commercial organizations and progressive bodies to combat this reactionary tendency and set Texas right before the world have been largely nullified by the antagonistic legislation at Austin and the demagogic attitude of state political leaders; such independent efforts at state building and public education have been truly pathetic, because they have tried so hard to avoid treading on any politician's toes and they have so consistently failed or refused to stick their knives into the real seat of destructive fungus growth.

The most striking comparison that can be made with Texas as to actual growth is Oklahoma; can anybody account for the fact that Oklahoma has received more immigrants than Texas in ten years, except upon the ground that something has been holding Texas back? And what is it? Surely not inferior soil or climate or deficient mineral and forest resources, surely not any natural inferiority, for Texas is in fact that richest empire on this continent, of more varied resource in every line of natural endowment than any other state or group of states of equal area in the union.

No, it is ourselves. We have not stood by Texas. We have not done our duty by our state. We have grossly neglected our opportunities, we have squandered our time and failed to take advantage of a natural drift of population to the southwest. We have lifted our hands against the immigrant and against capital, and we have been slow to acknowledge either our dependence on outside cooperation for greatest development, or our appreciation of what has been offered to us in spite of our unfriendly attitude. We have "conserved" our state's resources in much the same way some of our mossback citizens have conserved their real estate wealth—by squatting on a corner lot, doing nothing, and arranging pitfalls and prohibitive prices for strangers desiring to make improvements.

The railroads, newspapers, and commercial organizations have worked hard to arouse interest in the state's resources and to induce immigration and investment; it is to these agencies that the credit is due for what growth there has been. But all that has been done has been against the deliberate and consistent destructive and obstructive policy prevailing at Austin, with the consent of the votes of many of the same men most directly injured by the actions and inactions of their misrepresentatives in public office.

Let us hope the next ten years will tell a different story. The idea of this state, which contains nearly a tenth of the area of the United States, having less than 4,000,000 people, less than 1-23d of the population of the union, is a striking commentary upon the manner in which the public affairs of Texas have been mismanaged in the last ten years. The fact that in a decade when the great trend of migration has been into the southwest, this state barely kept up with its rate of growth for the previous decade when conditions were naturally 20 times more adverse, ought to make us examine carefully into the reasons for this failure and disappointment—for failure it is, 1,000,000 people short of what the figure should have been.

The insurgents would have more use for an airship than a gunboat—maybe a mosquito fleet is what they are after, however, for operations in the Sierra Madre mountain regions where their strongholds are.

Mexico's military problem right now is to concentrate her troops in the disaffected district without uncovering the rest of the republic. The strength of the insurrection will best be tested by the degree to which it is confined in area of disturbance. Mexico has no important volunteer reserve to draw on. Self interest, however, on the part of all foreign elements is with the government.

## A Happy Christmas For These

HOW far that little candle sheds its beams! And one never knows just how far a little story of human life and human need may go when it is printed in The Herald. In the Christmas mail today no letter was so welcome or so warmly cherished as one from Washington, D. C., containing a check for \$2 to help buy a wheel chair for the little paralytic about whom a brief article by Miss Franklin, director of charities for the Woman's Charity association, appeared recently in The Herald. The letter is on the official stationery of the United States reclamation service, and reads as follows (names omitted by request):

"Washington, D. C., Dec. 14.

"Editor El Paso Herald:

"In going through your paper a few days ago I found the enclosed clipping which appealed to me, and my friend, Miss —, and myself decided to send a dollar each to swell the fund. As I did not know where to send the money except to you, I shall have to ask you to deliver it to the proper parties. Trusting that the little fellow will get his chair, and assuring you of our appreciation, I am, very truly yours,

"The gift comes from two young women, employees of the big government department, and the chance that they would see the little story of Leonardo Atalejo was indeed small. But here comes the money, all the way from Washington, 2400 miles away, and a modest little note all the more delightful because so perfectly unassuming and fraught with the true spirit of Christmas charity.

The little boy will get his wheel chair now—that is assured. And he will be set up in business and soon become a familiar figure on the corner of the busy street where the great lines of traffic cross and mingle. Perhaps he will even bring a soft little benediction to the hurrying crowds.

In the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one!"

To lower the cost of living, you just need to watch the advertisements in The Herald.

It looks very much as if two constitutional conventions would meet in two territories within a year to frame two constitutions that will be acceptable to the president and congress. It might even have been a saving of time and money if the original constitution makers had listened to some bits of suggestion and advice before they broke up and went home. After statehood is a fact, the bullyrag tactics may go, but not now.

## EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

### UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

GO and do your Christmas shopping ere the last lone dog is hung, ere the weary clerks are hopping all day long, worn out, unstrung. Last year I postponed my buying till it had struck the eleventh hour, and the tollown clerks were sighing, and their souls were sick and sour, and they sold me candy donkeys, with reproaches in their glance; and they sold me wooden monkeys which would climb a stick and dance. And the clerks were all so hurried they showed evidence of fog; they were all so tired and worried that I couldn't chew the rag. Half the pleasure of the buyer lies in kicking on the price, saying that it's three times higher than is decent, right or nice. If you do your shopping early you can roar and kick and paw, saying, in a manner surly, that there ought to be a law. You can call the merchants robbers, and the clerks a pirate crew, roast the makers and the jobbers, raise a charming howl. But if you postpone your shopping till the season's almost over, then the clerks will cease their hopping till they've fired you from the store.

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### A Lesson In Honesty

By Jean Droult.

PIERRE BILON had not been near his usual cafe for three months and had deserted his card and pool parties. When the office hours were over, he left his comrades and walked home. The head of his department, who liked him as a partner in a game of cards, asked him why he had suddenly changed all his habits.

"Oh, I have not changed for good," Bilon replied. "I have just been saving my money during the last three months and with the money I have saved in cafe and other things I have bought a nice piece of jewelry for my wife. I am going to give it to her tonight. It is to be a surprise, and from tomorrow I will take up my old habits."

"You surely must be in love with your wife to do a thing like that. One should not think you had been married for more than ten years."

"Oh, it is not that. I have simply done this to get her to leave me in peace."

"I did not think Mme. Bilon was so ferocious that she must be bribed with jewelry."

"She is not a bit ferocious and really does not care for jewelry, but we have some friends, a monsieur and madame Barboteau. He is cashier in a big department store. Suddenly, some time ago, he seemed to have become rich. He bought a big touring car, and his wife wore costly furs without end. He came jealous of her and took revenge on me."

"Look at Barboteau," she said. "He is a smart fellow. I do not know where he gets his money, but he certainly gets it. It is not that I would put a fortune in jewels if I had money, but it makes me mad to think that if I had a husband like Barboteau, we would just put money aside for our old age. God knows how we live. I live with my wife and my two children, and she kept on harping on this all the time."

"Poor fellow, so that is why we have not seen you at the cafe for three months."

"But it is all over now," said Bilon proudly. "This piece of jewelry buys my freedom. It is a gag I have bought for my wife, for if she still keeps on nagging me, I am going to show her that I am the master."

"Bravo, Bilon! I will tell the boys they may expect you tomorrow."

When he reached home Bilon found Barboteau about to ring the doorbell and he noticed that Barboteau was very pale.

"Are you sick?" Bilon asked, inserting his key in the lock.

"Sick! Why no! But something very funny has happened to me."

"Tell me all about it," Bilon said, letting his friend into the house.

"It is like this. It happens to all cashiers when they need ten francs or 20 francs they borrow it from the cash they have in charge."

"Certainly, and don't think there is anything in that as long as you put it back again."

"Just what I told myself, but unfortunately I did not put it back, that is all."

"I would if I could, but I can't. That sort of thing grows on you. I began by

borrowing little amounts and one day I was surprised to find that I was short in my accounts an amount of 150,000 francs."

"One hundred and fifty thousand francs," cried Bilon, who would not believe his own ears.

"That is the amount and it would not be much if the boss had not found it out."

"He did not like it, I suppose."

"No, most of them are rather prejudiced in that respect and I have just heard that he has informed the police."

"No, he did tell me and I explained the matter to him and said that my wife had diamonds and an auto and that I would make good, but when I came home this afternoon I found that she had eloped with a young man, and now I come to you to ask you—"

"Not to lend you one hundred and fifty thousand francs, I hope."

"No, just to ask you for advice."

"You want to imitate Barboteau? He is in a fix like yours, and if I had—"

"You would have committed suicide?"

"No, don't do that."

"Don't be afraid. I don't feel a bit like it."

"Then go and give yourself up to the police."

"Yes, and do not tell the judge you know me."

"You think that would be a point against me?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, I thank you for the advice, Goodbye, Bilon."

"Good Lord," the latter thought when he left. "I had not thought that my friend, who is a little slower, but far more safe."

Just then Mme. Bilon came rushing in, all excited.

"Have you seen the paper? Barboteau is wanted by the police! His wife has run away and taken all her diamonds with her."

"I know all about it," said Bilon. "I hope you will find out now that after all I am rather smarter than Barboteau, whom you used to praise so much. I have brought you a little present tonight, by the way."

He handed her the bracelet. Mme. Bilon stood at him and from him to the bracelet, the sight of which seemed to fill her with horror.

"You too," she exclaimed.

"I too? What do you mean?"

"You want to imitate Barboteau? You will end in the penitentiary, as he!"

"But—"

"You seem to have forgotten that I am not Mme. Barboteau. I intend to keep you straight. You will take this bracelet right back to the jeweler and put the money back where you took it."

"But I assure you—"

"You will do as I say. If the penitentiary does not think of me, who will be disgraced forever as the wife of a felon."

"She pushed him bodily outside the door and put the case into his hand."

The next day, in the cafe, Bilon said to his friend: "Good Lord, I had only known. And what a pity they did not arrest that fool Barboteau three months ago!"

## LITTLE LOVE STORIES

Mabel Herbert Urner. On the Second Delivery

THE great brownstone house frowned on her as she hurried up the steps. Its stern dignity always chilled her. And now it seemed like a silent, sinister reproach.

"Dr. Carlton!" There was a breathless catch in her voice.

"Step into the reception room, please, the doctor is engaged just now."

"Give this card to Dr. Carlton and tell him I wish to see him at once."

It was hardly a moment before the maid returned.

"The doctor will see you in the library, ma'am."

"Margaret! Something has happened!"

"Yes."

"My darling, what is it? You look so pale!" He was holding both her hands in his.

"The mail—the second delivery—has it come yet?"

He looked at his watch. "No, not yet. It is not due for 15 minutes."

"I am in time then."

She laid her face. "I am in time then."

"I would be too late!"

He caressed her hands tenderly. "I know now what it is, dear. You wrote me a letter last night that you did not want me to read. You wanted to get here before it was delivered. Isn't that it, dear?"

"And you think it is that? Oh, if it were only that—I! It were nothing more than that! How you will despise me when you know! Oh, it was such a hideous thing!"

A moment's intense silence. He was leaning heavily against the desk, his eyes fixed on a small bronze lizard that lay there.

"You—wrote to her?"

She winced at the last words as though he had struck her.

"No, I did not write to her. It was more hideous even than that. I sent her one of your letters—one of your love letters to me."

more cruelly than mere human planning. So I looked away and picked up the first letter I touched. It was one that I had written you on my birthday last April—the note you sent with the lock et. I made this copy before I sent it."

She took from her dress a crumpled paper and laid it before him.

"This will come to you on your birthday, together with a letter and a little heart-shaped trinket, which I hope you will like to wear for my sake, but whether you care to wear it or not, it is yours—as it is the heart that prompts me to send it to you."

He did not read the rest, he laid it down quietly. He made no comment. She could not see his face; it was turned from her.

She took up the little bronze lizard from the desk and turned it over in his hand while he spoke.

"And you think she is happy. You think she does not suffer, too? You would not think that if you had seen her one evening last week when I found her up in the third story alone in the dark, crying as though her heart would break. I tried to comfort her, asked her what it was—what I could do."

"At first she would say nothing, but after a while she sobbed out, but I did not seem to need her any more. That every day she felt I was growing farther away from her. That I was all she had, and if she should lose my love she could not live. It was only a few nights later, at dinner, that she suddenly burst into tears and left the room. When I followed her, she said it was because she was sick and nervous, and that she was tired."

His voice broke. He put down the paper weight and walked over to the window.

"I had tried so hard that she should feel no difference. I have tried to be more thoughtful and anxious for her comfort than ever before. I have neglected none of the little attentions that I know she loves. But instinct told her that I am not the same. And now that she is no longer young and almost an invalid—to fall her now when her need for me is so great. A woman who has lived with me for 12 years, who has given me the best of her life; a good woman, who has tried to make me happy."

Again his voice broke. He turned from the window and walked back to the desk.

A sharp, shrill sound from the street—the postman's whistle. The faint

### Planning Christmas Toys Requires World-Wide Search For New Ideas

Efforts To Get a Substitute for the Teddy Bear Fail

IT has been estimated that the cost of the 1910 expedition of Santa Claus into the homes of the children of the United States will cost at least \$40,000,000, and that the total weight of the cargo of life-like toys, employed to approximate a hundred thousand tons, to say nothing of the millions of pounds of candy and nuts he also brings with him. Thousands of people work all the year getting ready for the night before Christmas. In the town of Sonneberg, Germany, there is a training school where one of the special lines of instruction is that of designing toys. Men travel all over the world in search of new ideas and new things with which to entertain and amuse the children of the world. Margaret Steiff, who has been called the "queen of Toyland" because of her splendid work in the production of life-like toys, employed two of her nephews to travel in all climates throughout the year in search of new ideas for the making of attractive toys.

**Mechanical Tin Toys.**  
The father of the popular priced tin toy is Ferdinand Martin of Paris. One of the chief characteristics of his work, like that of Fraulein Steiff, is the life-like appearance and action of the playthings he designs. One of these is a tippler, who begins to reel as soon as he lifts his glass to his lips. Another is a tin porter with his favorite bowler, who holds out his hand for the customary tip the minute he begins to wield his brush.

While the majority of toys are designed on purpose, some of the most remarkable successes have been brought out largely as a matter of accident. A case in point is the story of the teddy bear. Toy bears had been on the market for years preceding the Roosevelt bear hunt in Mississippi, but none of them possessed that peculiarly funny view, in that they were not made to look like the bear. When the story of Roosevelt's refusal to shoot a haltered bear was published, Clifford K. Berryman, now cartoonist of the Washington Star, drew the picture of the bear that has become familiar to the entire world. Berryman thought little about his picture, but the morning after it appeared he received a letter from former senator William E. Chandler, who said it was the funniest cartoon he had ever seen.

**The Teddy Bear's Start.**  
President Roosevelt was pleased with his little team-mate and confessed that his whole family had joked him considerably about it. The next Christmas Mrs. Berryman made a special calendar for Mr. Roosevelt, with a teddy bear in a typical attitude before each month. This pleased the president that he invited Berryman to a private party. At that time the president confessed that his wife had taken the calendar from him, saying that she was not willing to take the chance of having some political friend of his "appropriate" it. The interview resulted in the teddy bear becoming the badge of the Roosevelt administration.

It was about this time that the German toy makers' scouts for new ideas saw the picture of the teddy bear. A rare chance for the making of a popular toy. Without let or license from Mr. Berryman, they carried his creation back to Germany and soon had all opening and closing of a door. Silence and then the sound of footsteps in the hall. A knock at the library door and the maid was laying the mail on a table.

A yellow envelope from a drug store, a long white one from a trust company, two circulars and a medical journal. It was not there!

The shrill, cold, white and faint. "Oh—oh—could she—"

"No," he answered quietly. "There is some mistake."

He rang for the maid.

"Susan, is this all the mail? Did you bring it all in here?"

"Why, yes sir."

**Mrs. Carlton Has the Letter.**

"You are sure there was no other letter? I am expecting a letter that will tell me how you are getting on."

"I will look, sir, but I'm sure I didn't drop anything. Perhaps Mrs. Carlton took it by mistake, sir."

"Mrs. Carlton?"

The maid looked up wonderingly at the sudden hush in his voice.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Carlton came in just as the postman did. She looked over the mail, took a letter and gave me the rest. She said she had it."

"No—no, I will see her myself. That will do, Susan." The door closed after her.

He bowed his head on his hands. "My poor wife!"

She threw herself on her knees beside him. "Oh, don't—don't—it is more than I can bear! It may not be too late. Go to her at once. She may not have read it yet."

He started up and then stopped. There was hurried steps and the rustle of silk outside. She turned to him with frightened, questioning eyes. But he did not see her. His face was turned toward the door.

The steps were very near. Now they were at the door. With a stifled cry she slipped behind the heavy tapestry at the window. There was a strange sound from above of fixtures giving way. She was bearing her whole weight on the curtains. She relaxed her hold and leaned back against the window for support.

The door opened.

**"It's a Precious Gift."**

"Richard! Are you in here, dear? Oh, Richard, my dear husband!"

A quick rush, a glad little cry and she was in his arms. "It has just come, your letter, dear, your beautiful letter! The most precious birthday gift I ever had. And yesterday I was wretched because I thought you had forgotten—what day it was. And all the time you sound plain as this! Do you know how happy it has made me? Do you, dear? Oh, I don't think you can know because—because—"

And then, sobbing, she hid her face against his breast.

"Oh, Mary," he whispered, huskily. "Don't! Dear! You have just said you were so happy!"

"Oh, yes—yes—I am now. Because I know you love me now. You could not have written that letter, unless you loved me very dearly. But oh, I have been heart sick for so long! Your love is so much to me, it is all I have. And somehow for months I have felt that I was losing it. Despair was creeping into my heart. I am not young any more. There is nothing in me to attract you again. If I lose your love I could not win it back now. Oh, I know I could not."

"Oh, Richard, now don't you understand what your letter means to me? It has made me happier than anything else in the world could have done. Because it shows that you do love—have loved me all along. And all these months I have been breaking my heart

shapes and sizes of teddy bears on the market. That year happened to be a very depressing one to the German toy makers, and the immediate rage of the toy acted as a life savor for their business.

**Bear Craze Spreads.**

The toy designers ever since have been trying to find something which would be as popular as the teddy bear, but without success. Every year he finds new ways to conquer and meets with as warm a reception as in his native America. Last year England took the craze, and it is said that 2,000,000 teddy bears were sold in that country during the year, which means that there are more toy bears than children in England. The English dressed theirs and often sold two heads with a single body. One was a doll's head and the other a bear head, so that the child could have doll or bear, as it preferred. This year Russia and Japan have taken a liking to the teddy bear.

One of the most charming animal stories of the day has a teddy bear as one of its principal characters. Miss Philis Gilmore, of New Orleans, owns a dog whose surly traits won him the name "Ferocious." When a puppy he had a little bear cub as a playmate. The cub died and Ferocious was desolate. One day, while walking down a street with his mistress, he spied a teddy bear in a window. He jumped through the window and brought the bear out with him. Miss Gilmore paid for the new found pet, and whenever the dog goes he takes along carrying his teddy bear with him.

**History in Toys.**  
So careful is the designer of toys not to overlook a historical event, a new invention, or a new fad, that the archeologists of the future might rebuild the civilization of the present day upon the evidence of the toys of the world. He would find toys which would tell of the discovery of the North pole, toys that would tell of the rise of the aeroplane and the dirigible balloon, toys that would proclaim the Roosevelt African hunt, the Taft smile, the Merry Widow hat and the hobble skirt.

The present day has witnessed the designing of many new toys. One of these is a rabbit concealed beneath the head of a cabbage. When wound up the rabbit pokes out his head, works its mouth, moves its ears, opens his round and then goes back into his burrow to the tune of "The Sand Man." Another is the "The Dollar Princess." There is another toy known as the Roosevelt nut cracker, warranted to crack any nut that ever Santa Claus placed in a Christmas stocking. A little flying machine, known as the "High Flyer," is provided with a very useful novelty as well as a popular toy. It is constructed on the helicopter principle and will fly six hundred feet into the air or a quarter of a mile horizontally. The inventor claims to determine the direction and velocity of the wind preliminary to flight, and the average boy finds it to be an entertaining toy.

The child who has found delight in a sand bank will find no less enjoyment in a toy which will add new charm to a play time in the sand. It consists of a large hopper with a release valve, an inclined railway with a sand car, and a box into which to dump the carloads of sand.

without cause. I have been morbid, dear, because I am not well. But oh, I won't be any more. I can never doubt your love again. And the locket! After my wedding ring it will be the most precious thing I own. Have you sent it by mail, too? And did you address it to the typewriter as you did the letter, so I would not know until I opened it that it was from you?"

**"Only a Little Tired."**

She put up her hands and drew his head down close to hers.

"Richard! How pale you are. You are ill!"

"No—no, I'm only a little tired."

"Oh, I know—it's your work; for months you've been working so hard. How I wish you'd take better care of yourself! But I won't keep you longer—only I wanted to tell you that I'm the happiest woman in the world today."

She nestled her face close against his, kissing him gently on the forehead, eyes and lips. A moment later the door closed softly.

A sound of sliding curtain rings grated on the tense stillness of the room. The soft rustle of her gown, and Margaret, with white, strained face was standing beside him, trying with feverish, trembling fingers to unfasten a locket from a chain at her throat. Her collar was open and there was a faint mark on the whiteness of her skin where the locket had lain. It came off at last and lay in her hand. She held it out to him.

"Margaret—you mean—"

"Yes."

"You—you would have it so?"

"Yes."

She laid the locket on the desk before him, and then—with a broken sob she turned toward the door.

He took up the locket. It was still warm. It felt great shuddering sob he bowed his head over it.

## Just About Christmas

By Frances L. Garside.</